

# The Daughter of David Kerr

By HARRY KING TOOTLE

Illustrations by Ray Walters

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## SYNOPSIS.

Gloria Kerr, a motherly girl, who has spent most of her life in school, arrives at her father's home in Belmont. David Kerr is the political boss of the town, and is anxious to prevent his daughter learning of his real character. Kendall, representing the Chicago packers, is negotiating with Judge Gilbert, Kerr's chief adviser, for a valuable franchise. They fear the opposition of Joe Wright, editor of the reform paper. Kerr asks the assistance of Judge Gilbert in introducing Gloria to Belmont society, and promises to help him put through the packers' franchise and let him have all the graft. Gloria meets Joe Wright at the Gilberts. It appears they are on intimate terms, having met previously in a party in Europe. The Gilberts invite Gloria to stay with them pending the refurbishing of the Kerr home. Wright begins his fight against the proposed franchise in the columns of his paper, the Belmont News. Kerr, through his henchmen, exerts every influence to hamper Wright in the publication of his paper. Gloria realizes she is not being received by the best society and is unhappy. She takes up settlement work. Kendall and his henchmen decide to buy Kerr's paper and ask the editor to meet them at the Belmont office. Calling at Gilbert's office to solicit a donation Gloria meets Wright. He proposes and is accepted while waiting all the graft into the conference. Wright refuses to sell his paper and declares he will fight to the finish. The Belmonts with a bitter attack on Kerr. Gloria calls Wright a coward and refuses to listen to any explanation from him.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The unexpected and sensational manner in which the visit of Joe Wright to Judge Gilbert's office was terminated was not without effect upon every one in the room. Pity for Gloria was the dominating emotion, for everyone present realized her unhappy position. The dramatic revelation of her love affair, the knowledge that she had been sacrificed, stirred every heart. Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. Hayes, not well versed in politics, harbored no slight resentment against the publisher of the News, since they regarded the article as too severe. Were not their husbands interested on the same side as David Kerr? And they were honest men. But their husbands knew the full measure of the bitter cup that both the boss and his daughter, for the father's misdeeds, were called upon to drain.

The first thing to do was to get Gloria away from the office. For several days she had been staying with Mrs. Hayes, and thither she was now taken. By Dr. Hayes' order she was put at once to bed, and under the influence of an opiate, she was soon asleep. Dr. Hayes came downstairs and announced to Kerr, who was savagely pacing back and forth in the drawing-room, that his daughter was suffering from a great nervous shock. He also said that she would probably sleep for several hours.

"It ain't no use for me to stay here then," the boss declared. "If you want me you can get me by telephone at my office or Gilbert's or at the club rooms."

"Even if she asks for you," said the doctor. "I think it best for you to stay away until her nerves are calmer."

As there was nothing further the two men could do, they walked downtown together, leaving Mrs. Hayes to watch over Gloria.

It was nine o'clock before the girl opened her eyes. Dr. Hayes had been home to dinner and then gone out again. His wife was sitting in Gloria's room reading by a light which was carefully shaded so as not to annoy the sleeper. She had turned several pages of her book with a feeling that her patient was now fully awake before she looked up to see if her belief was justified. Gloria was gazing vacantly at the ceiling.

"Is there anything you want, dear?" she asked, going over to the bed.

As Mrs. Hayes looked down at the girl, she seemed to her like a lily that had been beaten by the wind and



Two Windows Looking Out Over the Roofs of Neighboring Houses.

bruised by the rain and left all forlorn to die. In the girl's face she read the story of the last few hours.

"Is there anything you want, dear?" she repeated.

Gloria looked up at her with a pathetic little smile of appreciation for her kindness. She threw one hand out on top of the cover, and Mrs. Hayes took it in hers. It was some time, however, before Gloria spoke.

"You heard everything?"

"Yes."

"And you understand?"

"I think I do, Gloria."

"Then there isn't anything much for me to tell you."

man, the man I thought he was. You know, Mrs. Hayes, he seemed to me to be very much like my father."

For a time she thought it over to herself. Mrs. Hayes did not press her, and continued to show her sympathy by holding her hand.

"Yes, it would have been a lot better had he died before I ever knew. What would have been a beautiful dream is now only a hideous nightmare. And I believed in him so! You who have seen just a little of him can't know how I loved him. It wasn't exactly love when we were abroad in the same party. Yes, it was; only I didn't know it. It wasn't until he had gone away and no word came from him that I knew how much he was to me. And then I met him here. Heaven seemed to open for me that night."

She turned her head for a minute, and the tears began to flow. When she began again her eyes were still blurred with tears.

"I can tell you, and I could tell Mrs. Gilbert, that it's going to hurt me a lot. It's going to hurt to think how I was deceived. I thought I was building my house of life upon a rock, and when the rains came I awoke to find the foundation was only shifting sand."

"We all have our troubles, dear," Mrs. Hayes told her. "Yours may seem hard to bear, but you must know that life can't all be painted in rainbow hues. I've taken you with me into Belmont's unhappiest homes, and what you have seen should teach you to bear your own trials with resignation and fortitude as a Christian should. Perhaps it's not well to think how much better off we are than other people, but when we do think of it we see that God has shown us abundant kindness compared to that given to others, and then our crosses are lighter."

"But I loved him so!" cried Gloria, burying her face in the pillow.

Mrs. Hayes could only clasp the girl's hand. The attempt to comfort her was unprofitable. Her grief was too new, her wounds too fresh for comfort. Longer and longer grew the intervals between her sobs. Finally Mrs. Hayes thought she had fallen asleep, but Gloria was only thinking. It came to her that she was still young. Love would never be hers, she was sure of that; but long years stretched out before her. She couldn't be a coward and shirk those years. Once she had built her house of love and life upon the quaking sands, now she would build her house of life upon the firm rock of service. In ministering to the unfortunate, she might find surcease for her own sorrow.

"Mrs. Hayes?"

"What, Gloria?"

"I'm not going to let anything that happened today spoil my life."

"Of course not, dear. Rain today means sunshine tomorrow for us."

"I don't know about the sunshine, but I do know that I want to go along just as if nothing had happened. Tomorrow let's do just what we planned to do, and the next day and the next. I want to keep busy. Can't you understand?"

Mrs. Hayes did understand, and admired the girl for her bravery.

"All right, Gloria. I think that is best. We weren't put into this world to have only the good things of life and shirk the bad things. We must take them as they come, the bad with the good. You are doing just what Mr. Wright would have you do if he were the man you thought him and he had died before your wedding day. Perhaps all will come out as you once had planned."

The daughter of David Kerr shook her head.

"That can never be."

She said no more, and after a time seemed to fall asleep. Mrs. Hayes unclasped her hand, turned out the light, and left the room.

Through the windows streamed the moonlight. The girl assumed that she was alone, turned on her side and watched the beams creep slowly across the room.

What a flood of memories the moonlight brought!

Those first nights on shipboard had been under a silver moon that shed its rays upon a silver sea. Those nights in France a month later had been under a moon no less gorgeous. Then had come the Rhine and there, too, had been moonlight.

She tried to think of him as he had been not as he was. In him she had found every good trait man should have. She was chagrined to think how easily it now appeared she had been won. How much she would have been spared, she pondered, had she not been so eager for his love as to show him so soon that she cared for him.

Every familiar gesture which was at all a part of him she knew would call him to mind when another man might make it. The way he held his cigar when he smoked, the odd manner in which he would hold his hands together whenever a knotty problem bothered him, these little things and a host of others would come back to plague her.

All the dear, dead past crowded into her mind. It was not of the man whom that afternoon she had spurned that she thought, but of the man whom in her heart she cherished—her ideal.

With a mighty sob she began again to weep. There had come to her the realization that love was done. Far across the room the moonbeams crept before Gloria fell into a fitful slumber.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"I've forgotten what we'd planned for this afternoon," Gloria remarked to Mrs. Hayes the morning after the stormy scene in Judge Gilbert's office. Yesterday was carefully ignored by both as they talked.

"This was the day Mrs. Wallace asked us to help her at the mission," Mrs. Hayes explained.

She did not say further that she had telephoned earlier in the morning and had Mrs. Wallace, the matron, make plans whereby the whole afternoon would be taken up. She believed Gloria's peace of mind would be all the greater were she engaged in some work which would make her feel that through her the pain of the sufferer was alleviated and the bruised heart of the unhappy bound up.

It was just two o'clock when they reached the mission. They had not been there long before Mrs. Wallace suggested that they call on a poor girl who was ill in a room over Mike Noonan's saloon. The sick woman was known to her, but she told nothing of her story. It wasn't much different from any one of a half a hundred she might have told.

The two women felt not the slightest fear in walking through such a tough quarter of the town. Mrs. Hayes was an experienced settlement worker, and knew many of the persons whom they passed. They for their part knew her and respected her for the kindly charity she dispensed so unostentatiously. As for Gloria, she could fear nothing since she was almost in total ignorance of what dangers might beset their path. Then, too, she was busy with her own thoughts.

Mrs. Hayes had been told in what room the sick woman lay, and without a word to anyone, in fact they saw no one, they went in the door on the side street and climbed the dark, uncarpeted stairs to the third floor. At a door just at the foot of the flight of steps which led to the fourth story, Mrs. Hayes knocked gently. There was no answer. She decided that if there was no response to the next knock she would open the door to see if the girl were asleep. A second and louder knock, however, aroused her and she called to them to enter.

Gloria and Mrs. Hayes walked into the room, and as the latter went to the bedside to explain how they happened to call, the daughter of David Kerr stood stock still and gazed about her with undisguised curiosity.

The occupant of the room, a frail little creature with uncertain, golden hair, was known to her companions as Little Ella. Upon the blotter at the police station she was always booked as Luella Windermere. She had found the name in a novel and, liking it, had taken it for her own. In the unkindly daylight, without the paint that mocked the cheek that once had bloomed a healthier hue, the pallor of her face was heightened by the dark circles under her eyes. Yet the ravages of a life too harsh for one so weak had not been so great as to blot entirely from her face the traces of a lingering sweetness.

If Little Ella's room could be summed up in one word, that word would be—sham. It was not a poverty that honestly confessed itself to be such, that room. Instead it was a poverty that slunk away into corners and hid behind the rankest imitations of better things. Everything seemed to have been purchased at the cheapest booths at Vanity Fair. There were few things of substance, but many things of vain and empty show. Had Gloria been more skilled in reading the world aright, every bauble, every useless ornament would have preached a sermon. As it was, there was for her in large part only the interest of novelty.

To the right of Gloria were two windows looking out over the roofs of neighboring houses. Between them was a scarred maple dresser. It was littered among other things with postcard photographs, business cards, a calendar with a picture in many colors and a bottle of Florida water. Directly in front of her was the sick girl's bed, a cheap iron affair with massive tarnished brass trimmings. Beyond it was a frail-looking trunk painted in imitation of leather. The only things which boldly confessed

to their slaves they would die of starvation, even in the midst of plenty. From "Book for Young Naturalists," by Alpheus Hyatt Verill.

Ingenious Spoilers.

The Royal society in London was recently entertained by a distinguished traveler with an account of a spider living in Australia which makes its habitation along the seashore, in the crevices of the rocks, between high and low water mark.

But when the tide is in their homes are covered with water. Instead of deserting them, however, the spiders weave the difficulty by means of closely woven sheets of silk, which they stretch over the entrances, behind which they manage to retain sufficient air to keep them alive during the time they remain submerged.—The Sunday Magazine.

Solving the Problem.

Ruth and Helen's mother was trying to teach the little girls the value of usefulness, and not always wanting their own way. One day she got them a couple of pieces of cake, and as one piece was larger, she said: "Now, to which shall I give the larger piece?" Each girl said to give it to the other, but Helen, seeing this did not solve the problem, said: "Well, mamma, you had better do as Ruth says this time."

To Lessen Wreck's Horror.

To swell the horrors of a sea disaster at night the lights are apt to be put out by the flooding of the electric generating plant. Experiments are being made on a new British vessel that is under construction, with a gasoline electric plant that may be placed on the bridge deck. This will not only supply the light, but the wireless telegraph apparatus as well, until the very moment of complete submergence of the vessel. This generating set will be used only in emergencies.

SLAVE-HOLDING AMONG ANTS

Custom Has Long Been Known, and Method of Procuring Such Servants Shows Intelligence.

Many of the large ants are slaveholders, and curiously enough, the slaves are almost black. When a colony of the red ants requires slaves, a war is formed, skirmishes are thrown out and scouts are sent ahead to discover a nest of black ants and look over the ground. The invading army is composed entirely of warrior ants, with powerful jaws, quite different from the common workers. When the nest of the intended victims is reached a fierce battle at once takes place and many are killed and wounded on both sides. The more powerful invaders are always victorious, however, and entering the nest of the vanquished, they rob it of eggs and pupae, which they carry off to slavery in their own home. The returning victors are welcomed upon their arrival with various manifestations of joy, and the young of the defeated foes are taken within and carefully tended until fully grown. Strangely enough, the slaves thus obtained are willing and obliging servants, doing all the harder work of the community, even to feeding the captives. Indeed, some species of slave-holding ants are incapable of feeding themselves and if it were

not for their slaves they would die of starvation, even in the midst of plenty. From "Book for Young Naturalists," by Alpheus Hyatt Verill.

Difficult Standards.

"Are your views on currency going to be satisfactory to your constituents?"

"No hope of it!" replied Senator Sorghum. "I have a lot of constituents who couldn't be satisfied with any kind of a currency system, that didn't enable a man to get six one-dollar bills in exchange for a five."

Keep the Windows Open.

Open windows are a wholesome inspiration. Sunshine and blue skies, the dash of rain and wind, the thrill of frost and sleet, the biting cold as well as the soothing warmth, all of these things are vital, elemental, natural experiences and serve to keep us in a state of healthy, normal activity and alertness.

Linden Tree is 1,200 Years Old.

The German village of Remborn has a linden tree which is said to be more than 1,200 years old.

## WHAT JULIE DISCOVERED

By HARRY LE CLAIR.

Young Mrs. Holt was in bad humor as she walked down the street. Every

little while she had to take out her handkerchief to wipe away the stupid tears that filled her eyes.

How could Richard ever have the heart to talk to her as he had done? They had been married only a year, and now he already behaved as if he were the master and she his slave. She had never thought that they would be unkind to one another, but of course she should not remain silent when he came home from the office in bad humor, so her replies were sharp and biting.

Again she wiped the tears away, for coming toward her at the next corner she saw her late mother's friend, her own godmother, Mrs. Berner.

"Come home and have a cup of coffee," she said. "Mary has just baked some cakes."

"Oh, I am so unhappy! Richard does not love me any more!"

"What do you say? Doesn't he love you any more?"

"No, I am sure he doesn't, or he would not talk to me as he does. And she told about several of their latest quarrels."

"But are you quite sure that you are not to blame a little yourself?"

"I know I am not," said Julie with determination, "but of course I cannot always be gay and jolly when he sulks and is unreasonable. There will be no happiness for me in life any more."

"Now, that is nonsense, my dear. I am sure your husband loves you as much as ever, but you are ruining your own happiness quarreling over trifles."

"But what do you want me to do?"

"I will help you, dear," said Mrs. Berner. "I will send you a talisman."

"A talisman?"

"Yes, here it is," said Mrs. Berner, and handed Julie an old-fashioned bracelet.

"What do you mean when you say it is a talisman?"

"I will tell you. When I had been married about a year, I too imagined that my husband did not love me because we sometimes quarreled. Then my mother gave me this bracelet and told me to wear it always."

Julie thanked her very much, but put no faith in the bracelet.

When Richard came home for dinner he had unfortunately brought a friend and as the dinner was rather spoiled, his humor was not the best when he was alone with his wife afterward.

"It was disgraceful to offer Miller a dinner like the one you served to-night," he said angrily.

"I am very sorry, Dick, but I shall be very careful not to let it happen again."

One morning a few days later when Julie entered the dressing room she found her husband standing at the closet looking very much annoyed.

"You have not had my gray suit sent to the tailor to be pressed," he growled. "Why have you not done so?"

"Because I am not your slave!" Julie was about to answer, but again she remembered the bracelet and also that Richard had several times asked her to send out the suit, but she had thoughtlessly forgotten it.

"Do not be angry, Dick, dear," she said. "I know it is a shame that I have forgotten it, but I shall send it to the tailor today."

Richard again looked at her, greatly surprised, but she pretended not to notice it.

"Well, it really does not matter so very much, dear. Today will do just as well."

A week later Julie visited her godmother. She looked as happy as during her honeymoon and Mrs. Berner told her so.

"Well, godmother, I do feel as if I were living a second honeymoon. I know that Dick loves me as much as he ever did."

"And how did you discover that?"

"It was the talisman you gave me. Then it has brought you luck?"

"Indeed it has. I have brought it back, as I do not need it any more."

"Are you quite cured?"

"Quite. I have discovered its secret," Julie laughed. "One of my own bracelets will do just as well, now that I know the truth of the old words: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath, but I thank you all the same, for it was really your talisman that brought me happiness.'"

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JANUARY 18.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 10:25-37.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—Mark 12:31.

Probably no other parable given by Jesus except possibly the Prodigal Son, has made such a deep impression as this one. It has inspired altruistic service, promoted the idea of the brotherhood of man, and served to crystallize Christian thinking and service.

I. "What shall I do?" vv. 25-29. (1) The first question. This lawyer in his test question implied that eternal life was dependent upon his works, a well high universal Jewish idea. With a true teacher's skill, Jesus drew from his own knowledge of the law an answer to his question, viz.: that, on the ground of doing he must love the Father with an undivided heart; with all his soul, the seat of his emotions; with all his strength—energies; and with all his mind—his intellectual powers. The evidence of such a love is that he must love his neighbor as himself. This is a staggering program, and we believe the lawyer asked his second question because he was dazed when he, perhaps for the first time, really comprehended this wonderful summary of the law. Jesus, however, holds him inflexibly to his own idea of works, and replies: "This do and thou shalt live." Small wonder that Paul, comprehending the human impossibility of such a program, should rejoice in knowing one who was equal to the task, Rom. 8:3. Jesus met the lawyer on the same plane, he had been approached and directly answers the query of verse 25.

Summarized the Law.

(2) The second question, (v. 29). Jesus had not said anything to this lawyer about belief, or faith, for he was not yet ripe for that idea. He had summarized the law and by this law Jesus must teach him. Rom. 3:19, 20; Matt. 23:27-40. It is one thing to read and summarize the law, and quite another to rightly apply it. It is quite possible to be ultra orthodox in our teaching and in our statements of belief, and yet to fall far short of doing. The force of this second question is then, "Who must I love?" He avoids asking, "Who can I love?" The question was not as to who will be neighbor to me, but to whom shall I be neighbor? In answer to this Jesus employs this wonderful parable. (Note:—Explain the nature of a parable and the Master's frequent use thereof.)

II. "Go and do thou likewise." vv. 30-37. That this story is not alone a parable but a literal experience is pretty generally believed. "The way of the transgressor is a Jericho road, and the traveler therein is bound to be 'stripped.' If not always of his prosperity, then of his character, and will ultimately find himself 'half-dead.' If left to himself he will surely die, Rom. 5:6; 6:23. Jericho means 'curse.' Who then is the man I can neighbor? Any wretch that is passing by the Jericho road. Remember that Jesus is dealing with the second half of the summary of the law. Three classes of men passed this man: (1) The Priest, of all men the most likely to help that fallen one, created in the image of God in whose worship he led. It is easy to find an excuse for this exhibition of heartlessness. The danger of robbers; of being suspected of complicity in the crime; the duties of his important office; the danger of contamination; a work not suited to his position in life. Let us beware of too hastily judging the priest until we examine ourselves. (2) The Levite. Perhaps he had seen his superior in the temple work; he drew nearer than the priest, perhaps for the purpose of investigation, but offers no remedy. (3) The Samaritan. This ostracized man would have been snubbed and cursed by the wounded man under any other circumstances. He therefore could certainly have been excused had he followed the example of Priest and Levite. He is a type of Christ dealing in grace with one who had no claim upon him. Note the steps: (a) "He journeyed," we are to be found visiting the places of great need? (b) "He came where he was," evidently not from idle curiosity, but to meet a case of need. (c) "He saw him." Too often our eyes are blind to the misery about us. (d) "He was moved with compassion." The compassion of Jesus was an active principle. Does misery move us to action? Does it send us to cases of need, or do we wait for them to knock at our door? (e) "He bound up his wounds." Not acting by proxy; not sending him to a public institution. Real charity is accompanied by warm, sympathetic, Christ-like, human hearts in action. (f) "Brought him to an inn and took care of him." He walked that this man might ride. He finished the job, not leaving it half done. We, too, must help men clear through, temporarily or spiritually, and not, having helped them once, leave them to shift for themselves. This is a true picture of God's redeeming grace. Grace comes where the sinner is; it serves him as he is; it heals him and delivers him to a place of perfect safety. Like this Samaritan, our King of Grace has promised to come again. See John 10:28, 29; Phil 1:6 and John 14:3.

Love Is Costly.

It cost the Samaritan much to act this way. Racial pride, aesthetic repugnance, commercial obligations, perhaps family duties, to say nothing of the actual expenditures of time and money. But love is a costly thing. Jesus himself fully portrays this picture, John 3:16. The road was away from God's city, Jerusalem.

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